

# THE BIG BLUE UNION.

BY G. D. SWEARINGEN.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way."

VOLUME I, NUMBER XXXI

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## THE BIG BLUE UNION,

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G. D. SWEARINGEN, Proprietor.

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March, 1862. nlf

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### Amy Wentworth.

Her fingers shame the Ivory keys  
They dance so light along;  
The bloom upon her parted lips  
Is sweeter than the song.

Oh perfumed suitor spare thy smiles!  
Her thoughts are not of thee;  
She better loves the salted wind,  
The voices of the sea.

Her heart is like an out-bound ship  
That at its anchor swings;  
The murmur of the stranded shell  
Is in the song she sings.

She sings, and smiling hears her praise,  
But dreams the while of one  
Who watches from his sea-blown deck  
The icebergs in the sun.

She questions all the winds that blow  
And every fog-wreath dim,  
And bids these sea-birds flying North  
Bear messages to him.

She speeds them with the thanks of men  
He perilled life to save,  
And grateful prayers, like holy oil  
To smooth for him the wave.

Brown Viking of the fishing smack  
Fair toast of all the town!  
The skipper's jerkin ill becomes  
The lady's stolen gown!

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth wear  
For him the blush of shame,  
Who dares to set his manly gifts  
Against her ancient name.

The stream is brightest at its spring,  
And blood is not like wine;  
Nor honored less than he who heirs  
Is he who found a line.

Full lightly shall the prize be won,  
If love be Fortune's spur;  
And never maiden stoops to him  
Who lifts himself to her.

Her home is brave in Jaffra street,  
With stately stairways worn  
By feet of old Colonial knights,  
And ladies, gentle-born.

Still green about its ample porch  
The English ivy twines,  
Trained back to show in English oak  
The herald's cavern signs.

And on her, from the wainscot old,  
Ancestral faces frown—  
And this had worn the soldier's sword,  
And that the Judge's gown.

But strong of will, and proud as they,  
She walks the gallery-floor,  
As if she trod her sailor's deck  
By stormy Labrador!

The sweet-brier blooms on Kittery-side,  
And green are Elliott's bowers;  
Her garden is the pebbled beach,  
The mosses are her flowers.

She looks across the harbor-bar  
To see the white gulls fly,  
His greeting from the Northern sea  
Is in their clanging cry.

She hums a song, and dreams that he,  
As in its romance old,  
Shall homeward ride with silken sails  
And masts of beaten gold!

Oh, rank is good, and gold is fair,  
And high and low mate ill;  
But love has never known a law  
Beyond its own sweet will.

### Newspaper Sketches.

#### "THE DEVIL."

The "Devil" is an institution, by and of himself. He takes the type, or turns the crank, or "lays on the sheets." [Other people sometimes do the latter.] If it were not for him the paper would not "come out." He sweeps out the office, he builds the fire—appropriate work for a fiend—and swears because some one has "looked th' kindling" he does chores at the house. He quies the baby. Yet his important duty is to keep watch on the street corners so as to be able to inform the editor when the Sheriff is after him!

With all this, the "Devil," shoulders all the bad or snatty jokes of the editor. When the mighty man of the pen is

ashamed of an expression, and still desires to utter it, he says our Devil says thus and so, and the poor devil has to stand it!

Nevertheless, the devil is an important personage in society. He attends lectures. He frequents concerts, shows, and the opera; but—we say it more in sorrow than in anger—he seldom attends church! He presents himself at the ticket-office of the show with his linen reversed by way of a change, [for he seldom possesses more than a single shirt,] as a "member of the Press," and so presses his claims that he is admitted without the quarter. But our young friend is not alone. He is too much of a gallant for that. His woman is with him, and he and his "woman" pass in and enjoy the entertainment, which whatever it may be, is taken down in doses alternated with peanuts and tobacco. For the Devil chews as well as smokes, and spits profusely upon carpets, when he gets within reach of them.

I never heard of Printer's Devil who had "risen in life," but I do the class justice to say that, to my knowledge, none of them have fallen very low. Some of these Devils have descended to be mayors of cities. Some of them have even let themselves down into Congressmen. But I never knew one to degrade himself so low as to become a President of the United States.

So much for the Devil. I knew the 'an mal.' I've been there myself.

#### THE "JOUR PRINTER."

Allow me to introduce the Jour Printer. Of jack-of-all-trades he is the chief. He never finds an emergency to which he is not an equal.

He is in every desirable place at all times. He is always at "the fire,"—sometimes bootless, hatless and shirtless; still he is there!

He is in California, at Pike's Peak, or in Utah, and has a practical belief in the plurality of wives! He rejects the current proverb that there can be too much of a good thing—in this respect.

He is engaged alike, in John Brown insurrections and southern secession movements.

Of course he is a Son of Malta, joined them long ago. He is one of the pioneers, his admission was irregular. Very much to the sorrow and discomfiture of the order he swindles the goat out of his accustomed prerequisite in the butting line—seizing the animal by the tail, and "reversing the engine!" And after seeing the elephant, or rather the goat, he publishes his experience in the newspaper, illustrated with cuts.

It was very plain that he could swim at least, he "got along swimmingly."

The Jour Printer travels. He is not unfrequently compelled to travel by force of circumstances. His little brass rule is an open-sesame alike to steamboats and rail cars. He occupies the choicest, and puts his muddy boots, or shoes upon the velvet cushions.

He is always "strapped" more or less generally more. Still he declares the "world owes him a living," as surely as he owes his washer-woman an indefinite sum which she never will get!

He is never out of spirits—animal spirits I mean—for he is sometimes crazy for want of the variety "clept" "ardent." In some cases, his idea of Paradise is a huge barrel of Old Bourbon, pierced for a large sized straw, with his mouth at the muzzle.

I repeat he travels. At one point in his peregrinations, he works at his "profession"—it would be sacrilege to call it a trade; at another, he is a quack doctor, with an adequate supply of bread pills and molasses syrup.

At another point, finding game to be plucked, he plays euchre—whatever that is—for a little loose change. The world is his country—he basks in the sunshine of every climate. The bones of his com-

rades whiten alike the plains of Mexico, the hill-sides of the Crimea, and the barren plains of the Arabian desert.

#### Darby and the Ram.

'Twas one of those days when the sun in its perpendicular altitude looks at the two sides of the hedge at once—a lovely midsummer day—when nature laughing till her side ached, and mother earth, in her gayest mood, was lavishing her premises and her smiles to her often ungrateful children, and lambs were skipping to and fro within their enclosed pastures, and the cows with grave and matron aspect, were lolling in the sun, ruminating their already gathered repast—everything seemed happy except the sheppard Darby.

Poor fellow! A "green and yellow melancholy," had settled on his manly cheek. His grief he relieved not, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey upon his spirits, he stalked about the field like a ghost, or leaned upon his crook in silent despair.

Lord Amplefield and Squire Buckhorn were riding past to dinner. "I wonder said his lordship to the squire, 'what can be the matter with my shepherd, Darby, he seems in a galloping consumption, and were I to lose him, I would not see his like again for many a long day. He is the most honest, steady, careful, creature in the world, and never told a lie in his life.'"

"Never told a lie in his life! Good! Why my lord do you believe such nonsense?"

"Decidedly I do. I know your opinion is not very favorable as to the moral character of our dependents, yet there are some among them not unworthy of trust."

They now advanced nearer and his lordship held up his whip as a signal, and over bounded Darby. "Well Darby, that show-er we had last night served the pastures."

"It did my lord, and the cows will give a large meal, and require milking earlier this evening, through the means of it."

"Where's my favorite ram Darby? send for him."

"Yes my lord. Hally, sweeper away for Ball-face." In a few minutes the dog hunted the ram up from the flock.

"That's a clever turn my worthy," said the squire, "there's a half crown to drink."

"Thanks to your honor," said Darby, "but the worth of that in strong drink will serve me a year, and yet I'll spend it on drink all in one night."

"Explain the riddle Darby."

"Whysir, when I feel myself merry without it, where's the use of taking it? That stream can slake my thirst as well. Yet I'll not speak for others—many a one there are who must have strong drink to give them false spirits. On them will I spend it to open their hearts and make them forget their days toil."

"You are a worthy fellow and a philosopher," said Lord Amplefield with a look of triumph, as he and the Squire rode off.

"What say you to my shepherd now?"

"A mighty plausible fellow indeed!—Yet proud as you are of him, my lord, I bet a score of sheep that before two days I'll make him tell you a barefooted lie, out and out."

"Done!" said his lordship, the wager was laid, and the Squire set out on his lie-lauking expedition.

He soon ascertained the cause of Darby's melancholy. There had been a quarrel between him and the girl of his heart, the lovely Cauthleen. Pride prevented a reconciliation, though both would have given the world to have been in each other's arms. To her the Squire bent his steps, succeeded in drawing out the secret that she loved Darby with a heart and a half, and then artfully upbraiding her with unkindness, in neglecting the "worthy young fellow," who was dying for her, and contrived to inveigle her, by a series of falsehoods, into a plan to get reconciled to Darby, and while in the height of his

happiness to coax the ram from him. It succeeded next day to admiration—and the laughing girl tripped home, leading the animal with a 'kerchief taken from her snowy bosom.

Darby was now left to solitary reflection. The hour was rapidly approaching when his lordship usually took his round and he would infallibly miss his favorite ram—what was to be done? To tell a lie appeared to his honest mind the very essence of degradation,—to equivocate was meanness execrable—yet an excuse must be had! A sudden thought seized him—he resolved to see how a lie would look before he told it; and planting his crook in the field, and placing his hat on it in order to personate himself, he retired to a little distance, and in the character of his lordship, hailed the effigy as follows:

"Good morning Darby."

"Good morning my lord."

"How are the flocks to-day, Darby?"

"Pretty fair, my lord."

"Darby I don't see my favorite ram—where is he?"

"Oh my lord he—he—he—he—"

"He what Darby?"

"Darby, if I did not know your general character for carefulness, I should feel exceedingly annoyed, but I presume it was an accident. Send the fat and hide up to the castle."

"That won't do?" murmured Darby, slowly turning away. He resolved to try again.

"Good morning Darby."

"Good morning my lord."

"Are the flocks well to-day, Darby?"

"Bravely, my lord."

"My favorite ram, Darby, where is he?"

"My lord, he—he—he—he—he—"

"Is there anything wrong? tell me at once."

"He was sto—len, my lord."

"Stolen, stolen! I saw him this morning as I was riding by! When was he stolen?"

"That won't do either," exclaimed the poor shepherd, as he turned away the second time. Cruel, cruel Cauth.

Something whispered to him "Try it, perhaps the rattle will do it."

Fresh courage animated his desponding mind, and wheeling about he commenced the colloquy, and dropping on his knees he exclaimed: "Oh my Lord, I had a falling out with my sweet-heart, and she would not make it up with me unless I made her a present of your lordship's favorite ram. Discharge me, my Lord, do with me what you please, but I could not bring myself to tell your lordship a lie!"

"That will do!" shouted Darby, springing from his knees, and walking up and down with a feeling of honest exultation.

He had hardly time to compose himself when his lordship and the squire appeared. Darby on the usual interrogation being put, dropped on his knees, and told "the truth," and instead of seeing a frown gathering on his lordship's countenance, he beheld him turning with a look of triumph towards the Squire, while he exclaimed—

"An honest man is the noblest work of God!"

The ladies are informed, in conclusion, that the Squire's forfeited sheep were given to Cauthleen as a dowry, and in taking the hand of her Shepherd, she promised never again to put his truth and constancy to so severe a trial.

An apology is due to the patrons of the Union, which may be satisfactory. We have been engaged in making a "roller." The moulds wherein the roller was to be moulded was rusty, therefore our non success, we at last succeeded, partially, and will promise hereafter, to furnish our paper regularly, with an increase of reading matter.